

R. T. Olt read, call man of No. 4 Engine Company, died at 2 o'clock yesterday morning at his home, No. 741 North Fourth Street. He had been ill about five months with blood poisoning, but died of pneumonia. He is survived by his widow and several children.

With the five bells tolling, the body was escorted by a detail of firemen to the Main Street Station at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, to be taken to Raleigh, N. C., for burial.

and they never fail to receive the call to pay the debt which every Italian boy must pay before he can be a full-blooded citizen of his country—that of serving a certain period in the King's army.

Even though comfortably settled in the "Land of Gold," as America is fondly called by the unphilosophical, it is a rare thing that the call is unheeded, despite the fact that in most cases the trip takes every cent of the money earned by frugality and perhaps privation. Innate patriotism, however, is not the only incentive. The "old people"

What is expected of them.

Horace Cordoglio, a young Italian of this city, who has reached the age for enlistment, has just got such a "reward" in the shape of the above picture, the latest taken of the royal family.

Whatever regrets he might have had at leaving his soda fountain were suddenly dispensed, and when he sails for the old country some time in the early part of March he will be happy in the thought that after he has made his "fortune" here he can return and be a citizen of his native land in spite of

given in distress, and the fourteen were taken to the hospital. The game will be continued this morning, with Justice Crutchfield as umpire.

Goulds Pass Through.

The severe weather in the East is sending crowds of people toward Florida, and the tourist trains of the Florida Gulf and Gulf Coast and Air Line are passing here with few vacant Pullman reservations. Two private cars, the "Columbia" and "Florida," went south last night on train 85, over the Atlantic Coast Line. The "Dixie" was

among themselves an informal way, but if they have agreed on a verdict the matter goes through the formalistic constraints of a court. It was decided yesterday—if anything—is of no account. They must do it again in a regular manner.

Burke's Quiet Day at Home.

At home with his family, Burke was not far from the public gaze. He had been for some time the object of pity, and morbid curiosity, in the courtroom where his indifferent manner was observed. To-day he will go

and they never fail to receive the call to pay the debt which every Italian must pay before he can be a free citizen of his country—that of serving a certain period in the King's army.

Even though comfortably settled in the "Land of Gold," as America is fondly called, the Italian is unimpressed. It is a rare thing that the call is unheeded, despite the fact that in most cases the trip takes every cent of one's savings, and the ruggedness of the country, perhaps privation, and the ruggedness of the people. Inna of the Italian, however, is not the only incentive. The "old people"

What is expected of them.

Young Coreolfini, a young Italian of this class, is now in the age for enlistment, has just got such a "reminder" in the shape of the above picture, the latest taken of the royal family.

Whatever regrets he might have had at leaving his soda fountain were suddenly dispelled, and when he sails for the old country some time in the early part of the year, he will be happy to think that after he has made his "fortune" here he can return and be a citizen of his native land in spite of